INSECTS KILLING BIG GAME

Bulldog Flies Attack the Moose, Which Take Refuge in Water and Are Drowned.

Bulldog flies are killing big game along the international boundary, according to County Commissioner Helic Clementson. Two moose were killed last week near a lumber camp on the east fork of Rapid river, and in his opinion large numbers of fine animals have lost their lives the last week.

The flies, which are fully a half inch long, are more plentiful than for many years and attack the moose in large numbers. Their stings drive the animals to distraction and in a crazed condition the rush through the woods, often entering log camps filled with men. They seek water and several have been drowned in attempting to evade the tormenting flies. A big moose was pulled out of the river twice last Thursday by lumbermen and the flies brushed off.

The deer are more fortunate in escaping the pests and have not suffered very much as yet, but are having their troubles from the deer flies. —Bemidji correspondence Minneapolis Journal.

NOT BUILDING THE TEMPLE

Methodist's Rebuke of Presbyterian Brother Who Was One of the Quiet Kind.

A Presbyterian minister who had very conservative ideas dropped in one night on a Methodist revival where an extraordinary amount of exhorting and shouting were going on. He sat down in a seat far toward the back, and though he felt in sympathy with the work going on he could not bring himself to engage in the same kind of vocal activity. Presently a Methodist brother named Smith went back and urged him to come up and join the rank of workers, but the conservative held back, exclaiming: "I am one of the quiet kind, you know, and don't believe in so much noise and hubbub; you must remember, Brother Smith, that in the building of the temple there was heard neither the sound of saw nor of hammer.

"Humph!" snorted Brother Smith, "we are not building temples here, we are just blasting rock. The Lord's going to look after the temple."

DESIRE TO MAKE NOISE.

Dr. Theodore Lessing, president of the anti-noise association at Hanover, Germany, in a lecture on the psychology of noise, recently delivered in that city, said that the desire to make a noise could never be conquered. "It manifests itself not only in the yelling of teamsters and the whistling of hackmen, but in needlessly energetic wielding of noise-making implements of trade," he continued.

RAILWAY LABORER'S GRUDGE.

The most expensive act of damage ever committed by a railway worker was that of an Italian navvy employed on the construction of a tunnel through one of the mountains in the Black Forest. Having a grudge against his foreman, he succeeded one night in altering the position of the stakes which marked the course of the work. The excavators were working upon the tunnel in two sections, one from the north and one from the south. Owing to the shifting of the stakes the sections, instead of being directed to the same point, were found to be 26 feet apart when the reached the middle of the mountain. The northern half of the tunnel had, therefore, to be entirely reconstructed at a cost of £175,000. —London Chronicle.

THE REASON.

Senator Rayner, the wit of the senate, told at a dinner in Baltimore a story of the South.

"A northerner," he said, "was surprised, during a southern tour, by the number of Taliaferros he found everywhere. Doctors, lawyers, undertakers, clothiers—all seemed to be Taliaferros. The northerner put up in nearly every town at a Hotel Taliaferro, and, if he wanted a cigar, a Taliaferro sold it to him.

He couldn't understand it at all—till one day, motoring through a splendid country, he saw a tremendous mill that bore in vast letters the inscription, 'Taliaferro Manufacturing company.'

"'Oho!' he said, 'they turn them out by steam!'"

EYES GET FIRST ATTENTION.

There is no such disguise as that of the eyes. If we want to get an impression of a person's face we have to look at the eyes. You will find this in any railway carriage or public conveyance. You are interested in a face; you fix your eyes on the opposite eyes. If the eyes meet both fail; the eyes drop apologetically, for the inquiry is too intimate. The two people know well enough, though neither may be artists, that you cannot get an impression of the face by looking at the chin, or the forehead, or the nose; you must look straight at the eyes—the window of the soul—and the face becomes a recognizable unit. The best disguise—as burglars know—is the mask that covers the eyes only.

UPS AND DOWNS.

"What's the matter, man? You look like you had a bad case of grouch."

"I have. I told my wife this morning that I was going to put my foot down on her extravagance and she told me she wouldn't put up with it. Of course, that put me out, especially as there was not another word I could put in."

The Newest Probationer

By Annie Hinrichsen

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The young physician looked at the girl with the helpless exasperation induced by long and unsuccessful argument.

"Can you not realize the absolute slavery to which you are sentencing yourself?" he demanded.

Miss Helm tilted her chin a trifle higher. "To me it will not be slavery. I have chosen my life work. I shall be very happy in it."

"In a month you will ge glad to give it up."

"I am tired of hearing that," she flared. "Every friend I have has said the same thing—that I shall give it up. I shall be a trained nurse and a successful one."

"But I want you to marry me."

"I prefer to spend my days with the sick and the suffering."

"Don't do it, Janet, dear. Marry me and—"

"I won't marry you, Lester," she said irritably, "and I want you to stop asking me."

Dr. Melville's patients at St. Mary's received a great deal of his attention, especially the ones in the charity wards. In these wards the probation nurses worked. Hospital custom decrees that the newest probationer shall do the most menial tasks in the institution.

Each morning when Dr. Melville visited the charity wards he saw Janet Helm, the newest probationer, practicing the lessons the head nurse had taught her. She scoured brass and woodwork and bathtubs. She washed bottles, cleaned instruments and polished floors. One day he stopped beside her as she knelt on the floor.

"Miss Helm," he said with a malicious emphasis, "how do you like nursing?"

She shook out the oiled floor cloth she was using and smiled merrily up at him. "I love it. I am perfectly happy. Go to your patients and don't disturb me. And be careful not to track dust over my clean floors."

Several days later Dr. Melville found Janet sitting beside the bed of the hospital's oldest inhabitant.

"I have been promoted," she announced proudly. "I no longer scrub. I have a patient."

"Glory be," ejaculated the old lady. "It is sure a blessed saint they have given me for my nurse. Such tenderness and gentleness were never before in a woman's fingers as are in these lily hands.

"Now, am I not a real nurse?" asked Janet, triumphantly. Her voice was lowered and the deaf old lady could not hear her words. "I am bringing happiness and comfort to this helpless old woman. Can there be a nobler task? What sweeter compensation can there be than the gratitude of this poor, unfortunate woman?"

As she spoke, the spoon with which she was feeding her patient slipped and the hot broth spilled on Mrs. O'Brien's neck. There was a yell of rage. Two skinny fists were shaken savagely at the girl. From the old woman's toothless mouth came oaths and fearful objurgations.

"Yes," said Dr. Melville, under the continued storm of Mrs. O'Brien's maledictions, "you will find no sweeter compensation than the gratitude of this helpless old lady."

Three months after Janet had entered the hospital she and Dr. Melville were leaving the ward together one evening.

"Miss Helen," said the head nurse of the ward, "Miss Sprague wishes to see you in her office."

Janet's face whitened and a look of anxiety came into her eyes. Miss Sprague was the superintendent of the hospital. She held little personal communication with her nurses. A nurse was never summoned to her office except for an important reason. She was the absolute dictator of the hospital, and her rule was a stern one.

When Janet had gone, Leslie Melville walked up and down the long corridor. He was heartsick with anxiety for the girl who had been called to the superintendent's office. He knew well what Miss Sprague's summons had meant to many nurses as hard-working and as faithful as Janet. He had seen them come from her office with white faces to leave the hospital, taking with them the stigma of expulsion. He knew the severity with which Miss Sprague's rigorous discipline was enforced. Breaches of hospital etiquette, innocent breaking of rules, harmless lapses from the strict hospital standard had been charges so serious that a record of faithful service had not prevailed against them. He knew that Miss Sprague held a prejudice against society girls as nurses. It was impossible that Janet, the petted, indulged, undisciplined child of a luxurious home, had been able to obey implicitly every rule of the institution.

In half an hour Janet appeared. He hurried to meet her. She had been crying, and the tears still clung to her lashes. He drew her to a window recess.

"What was it?" he asked anxiously. "Was it very serious?"

"It was the most serious thing that ever happened to me."

"Tell me about it," he urged impatiently. "Janet, dear, tell me; do you leave the hospital?"

"Yes."

"I feared it. She is cruel and unreasonable and unjust. You do not deserve her treatment of you. It is an outrage."

"She is not unreasonable—"

"I have hoped you would tire of the work and leave the hospital. I wanted you to give it up and marry me. But, for your own sake, I did not want you to be expelled. Miss Sprague's cruel act will compel you to give up the profession. Won't you marry me I love you more than ever, Janet."

She Scoured Brass and Woodwork.

"You would marry a nurse who has been expelled, discredited?"

"I would marry you under any circumstances."

"Lester, why did you not ask me to marry you before I decided to become a nurse?"

"Why—why—you knew I loved you."

"You did not say so. You did not ask me to marry you until I told you I expected to enter the hospital. I was too angry and hurt to accept you. I have proved that I can be a nurse. Silly, frightened boy; you thought Sprague had expelled me. Look at my head."

On her hair rested the hospital cap. She had never worn one before.

"My probation ended today. Miss Sprague sent for me to tell me that I had done so well as a probationer that I was entitled to the ranks of the pupil nurses with the honor of wearing the hospital cap. She was lovely; she is not a bit hard or unreasonable. She talked so beautifully to me that I cried and she kissed me and set the cap on my head."

"But you said you were to leave the hospital."

"I am. I leave to marry you. I have demonstrated my ability to endure the hardest period of a nurse's life. I have learned how much you love me. I am ready to leave. I shall now demonstrate my ability to be a good wife."

POET AT POET'S BIRTHPLACE.

Shepherd M. Dugger, the bard of Grandfather mountain, recently described for the Observer a dance at Blowing Rock. Could any words, in truth, embody more sense sublime than these? "Just as the saffron fan from the sunset gathered in its folds, meu and women darted into the dance like meteors, and as the sweet zephyrs from the Grandfather whispered poems through the windows they glided metrically on the thrilling pulse of music to the rhythmic metre of souls." Or than these? "The gaudily dressed couples were so thick on the floor that they looked like a wilderness of blooming hododendrons stirred by a breeze."—Charlotte Observer.

A "WREATH OF BABIES."

Imagination is the making of a writer, so one has been led to believe.

Perhaps; but some writers go too far. Just listen to this description of a bit of simple summer millinery from a foreign publication:

"It goes with a yellow print frock, like the poet's—

"Buttercup-color was her print gown,
So sweetly rare, so quaintly fair!"

and here we had gray chip, very coarse, but dull of surface, and buttercup-yellow taffetas Winterhalter bows, with raveled ends, sitting all around the low crown, with their fat, short legs sticking out well apart in front of them, for all the world like a wreath of chubby babies.